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Nasra Lankowski

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OF MAN'S SEARCH FOR GOD

THE IMMORTAL FRIEND

BOOKS BY J. KRISHNAMURTI

AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER  
BY WHAT AUTHORITY  
THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS  
THE PATH  
THE POOL OF WISDOM  
SELF-PREPURATION  
THE SEARCH  
TEMPLE TALKS  
WHO BRINGS THE TRUTH

Jiddu KRISHNAMURTI, 1895-

The  
*Immortal Friend*

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THE IMMORTAL FRIEND

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# I

Wherever I look, Thou art there.  
I am full of Thy glory.  
I am burning with Thy Happiness.  
I weep for all men  
That do not behold Thee.  
In what manner  
Shall I show them  
Thy glory?

I sat a-dreaming in a room of great silence,  
The early morning was still and breathless,  
The great blue mountains stood against the  
dark skies, cold and clear,  
Round the dark log house  
The black and yellow birds were welcoming  
the sun.

I sat on the floor, with legs crossed, meditating,  
Forgetting the blue sunlit mountains,  
The birds,  
The immense silence,  
And the golden sun.

I lost the feel of my body,  
My limbs were motionless,  
Relaxed and at peace.

A great joy of unfathomable depth filled my  
heart.

Eager and keen was my mind, concentrated.  
Lost the transient world,  
I was full of strength.

As the Eastern breeze,  
That suddenly springs into being,  
And calms the weary world,  
There in front of me  
Seated, cross-legged, as the world knows Him,  
In His yellow robes, simple and magnificent,  
Was the Teacher of Teachers.

Looking at me,  
Motionless the Mighty Being sat.  
I looked and bowed my head,  
My body bent forward of itself.

That one look  
Showed the progress of the world,  
Showed the immense distance between the  
world  
And the greatest of its Teachers.

How little it understood,  
And how much He gave.  
How joyously He soared,  
Escaping from birth and death,  
From its tyranny and entangling wheel.

Enlightenment attained,  
He gave to the world, as the flower gives  
Its scent,  
The Truth.

As I looked  
At the sacred feet that once trod the happy  
Dust of India,  
My heart poured forth its devotion,  
Limitless and unfathomable,  
Without restraint and without effort.  
I lost myself in that happiness.  
My mind so easily and strangely  
Understood the Truth  
He longed for and attained.  
I lost myself in that happiness.  
My soul grasped the infinite simplicity  
Of Truth.  
I lost myself in that happiness.

Thou art the Truth,  
Thou art the Law,

Thou art the Refuge,  
Thou art the Guide,  
The Companion and the Beloved.  
Thou hast ravished my heart,  
Thou hast conquered my soul,  
In Thee have I found my comfort,  
In Thee is my Truth established.

Where Thou hast trodden,  
Do I follow.  
Where Thou hast suffered and conquered,  
Do I gather strength.  
Where Thou hast renounced,  
Do I grow,  
Dispassionate, detached.

Like the stars  
Have I become.  
Happy is he that knoweth Thee  
Eternally.

Like the sea, unfathomable  
Is my love.  
The Truth have I attained,  
And calm grows my spirit.

But yesterday  
I longed to withdraw

From the aching world  
Into some secluded mountain spot,  
Untrammeled,  
Free,  
Away from all things,  
In search of Thee.  
And now Thou hast appeared  
Unto me.

I carry Thee in my heart.  
Look where I may, Thou art there,  
Calm, happy,  
Filling my world —  
The embodiment of Truth.

My heart is strong,  
My mind is concentrated,  
I am full of Thee.  
As the Eastern breeze,  
That suddenly springs into being,  
And calms the weary world,  
So have I realized.

I am the Truth,  
I am the Law,  
I am the Refuge,  
I am the Guide,  
The Companion and the Beloved.

## II

Look where I may, Thou art there,  
Calm, happy,  
Filling my world —  
The embodiment of Truth.

As one beholds a light  
In the dark  
At a distance,  
I saw Thee.

I have walked towards Thee  
Through many lives —  
In sorrow, in joy,  
In doubt, in suspicion,  
Over thorns, over fair fields,  
On the pavements of crowded cities.

I have known  
From the very foundation of the earth  
Of Thy glory,  
Of Thine existence,  
Of Thy beauty, that thrilled my soul.

Never was I certain,  
Never was I allowed to be at peace  
With myself,  
With man,  
Or with the fair heavens.  
Out of the great uncertainty,  
Certainty was born.

Like the Eastern breeze,  
That suddenly springs into being,  
And calms the weary world,  
So have I realized.  
I walk henceforth in Thy shadow.

Because Thou art my eternal Companion,  
I am strong —  
Strong as the stream  
That rushes down the mountain side.  
Because Thou art my counsellor,  
I am unshakable,  
Because of Thee,  
I am full of wisdom,  
Because Thou hast sent me out,  
I am as nothing, as the passing wind,  
But because Thou hast shown Thyself to me,  
I am as the rivers  
That dance down to the sea.

Because of Thy bidding,  
What I do is for Thee.  
My heart is aflame,  
For I am come near unto Thee  
Everlastingly.

Each breath is transforming me  
Into Thine image.

Because Thou hast given me,  
I am full,  
Full as the ocean,  
Though all the rivers  
Do flow into it.

Thy majesty has awakened  
The power in me  
To shout from the mountain tops  
Thy Truth.

Thy look has burnt away  
The dross.  
I am pure.  
I am holy.

As the rose is to the rose petal,  
So art Thou to me.

As the mountain top  
That disappears into the clouds,  
So my love for Thee  
Disappears  
Into space.

As on the sunlit sea the waters dance,  
Joyous in their ecstasy,  
So is my heart  
Dancing for love of Thee.  
As the small raindrop  
Mingles in the vast ocean,  
So have I lost  
Myself  
In Thee.

As the shadows  
Grow of an evening,  
So has my soul  
Grown immense  
In Thy Light.

My love for Thee  
Has awakened the love  
For all.  
I must bring the world  
To Thee.

I must make Thee  
Their eternal Companion.  
They must know Thee  
As I know Thee —  
The perfect,  
The simple,  
The glorified,  
The Fountain of Truth.

Knowing Thee,  
They will set aside their toys,  
Their small worlds, their playthings,  
Their pomp,  
The entanglements  
Of their religions,  
Their rites,  
Their ceremonies.

What is religion?  
What is worship?  
What are the temples  
And altars  
Of the world?

Thou art the end  
Of all sorrow,  
Of all joy,

Of all knowledge,  
Of all search.

Thou art the goal of all things.  
In Thee alone lies  
Enlightenment —  
The Happiness of the world.

Look where I may, Thou art there,  
Calm, happy,  
Filling my world —  
The embodiment of Truth.

I am the Truth,  
I am the Law,  
I am the Refuge,  
I am the Guide, the Companion and the  
Beloved.

### III

Through the austere dignity of the yellow robe  
Thou wert born unto me.

Through the certainty of knowledge  
Thou hast appeared unto me.

Through the immensity of happiness  
Thou hast shown Thyself unto me.

Through the great silence of the morning  
Thou hast created the universe unto me.

Through the sunlight of the world  
Thou hast carried me to the mountain top.

And unto me Thou wert born.

Over Thy head was the flame  
That burns away all sorrow,  
All pain, all anxiety.

Thy face was like unto the rose petal,  
Perfect, soft, lovely,  
Youthful with the age of many centuries.  
In Thy face I beheld my own face.

In Thine eyes was the laughter of Youth,  
The delight of the Spring,  
The joyous merriment of the world.

The music of Thy flute  
Hath ravished my heart.  
There is born in me  
A new tender merriment.  
The sea of many waters  
Has entered into my heart:  
The bubbling brook,  
The boisterous storm,  
The angry waters,  
The pleasant breeze.

I smell the flowers at Thy feet,  
I behold the lane  
Where walks the world,  
The dust, the cow,  
And the cow-herd.

The scent of the sacred flower fills the air,  
I hear the temple bells,  
And the laughter of the world.

The jewels of the world  
Are in Thine eyes.

The world weeps for Thee  
In their wild and merry dancing.

O Love, with the flute,  
Thou art myself.

O Beloved,  
Thou art the ecstasy of my soul.

I have found Thee  
Through the happiness of many lives.

O world,  
In thee I behold the face of my Beloved.

## IV

He walked towards me and I stood still.  
My heart and soul gathered strength.  
The trees and birds listened with unexpected  
silence.

There was thunder in the skies —  
Then, utter peace.

I saw Him look at me,  
And my vision became vast.  
My eyes saw and my mind understood.  
My heart embraced all things,  
For a new love was born unto me.

A new glory thrilled my being,  
For He walked before me, and I followed, my  
head high.  
The tall trees I saw through Him,  
Gently waving in welcome,  
The dead leaf, the mud,  
The sparkling water and the withered  
branches.

The heavily laden and chattering villagers  
walked through Him —  
Ignorant and laughing.

The barking dogs rushed, through Him, at  
me.

A barrack of a house became an enchanted  
abode,

Its red roof melting into the setting sun.

The garden was a fairy land,

The flowers were the fairies.

Standing against the dark evening sky,  
I saw Him  
In His eternal glory.

He walked before me  
Down the little narrow path,  
Always looking, while I followed.

He was at the door of my room,  
I passed through Him.

Purified, with a new song in my heart,  
I remain.

He is before me forever.  
Look where I may, He is there.  
I see all things through Him.

His glory has filled me and awakened a glory  
that I have never known.

An eternal peace is my vision,  
Glorifying all things.  
He is ever before me.

V

The sun was setting,  
As I stood on a hill-top,  
Watching it disappear  
Behind the mountains.

In the midst of that radiance,  
Clad in the cloud of yellow,  
Thou wert seated.

The whole vast heaven  
Paused in adoration.  
The sky, the clouds,  
In robes of yellow,  
Were Thy worshippers,  
Thy disciples.

The mortal world  
Joined in Thine adoration,  
Shouting with joy —  
The birds,  
The distant valley,

The passing vehicles  
Far away,  
The cricket,  
The grasshopper,  
The wind,  
And the trees.

The black mountains  
Stood amazed  
In their dance,  
Fearing their own  
Mighty sight.

Then utter silence —  
All things perceiving Thee  
As Thou art.

In that great silence,  
An immense desire  
Was born in me  
To bring the world to Thee,  
To Thy perfection  
And to Thy happiness.

Thou art the only altar,  
Though men worship  
At the altars

Of many temples.  
Thine is the only  
Imperishable Truth,  
Though men clothe it  
By many names.

I love the world,  
And all the things thereof.  
I will bring the world  
To adore Thee,  
To worship Thee,  
For Thy Beauty  
Is Truth.

Immense happiness  
Fills my being,  
For I have found  
Thee.

Thou shalt not disappear  
Though a thousand suns  
Shall set over the mountain.

As the sunset  
Grows more splendid  
From moment to moment,  
Changing constantly,

So my desire  
For Thee  
Grows  
More glorious,  
More perfect.  
It shall fill  
The heart of all men,  
Till Thy perfection  
Be perceived.

In Thine eye  
Is the whirlwind,  
The soft breeze,  
The sacred Himavat,  
The low plain,  
The happy valley,  
And the blue skies —  
All things are in Thee.

Thou art the happiness  
Of the world.  
The Path of Happiness  
Is the Path of Truth.

## VI

Oh! Listen,  
I will sing to thee the song of my Beloved.

Where the soft green slopes of the still moun-  
tains  
Meet the blue shimmering waters of the noisy  
sea,  
Where the bubbling brook shouts in ecstasy,  
Where the still pools reflect the calm heavens,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the vale where the cloud hangs in loneliness  
Searching the mountain for rest,  
In the still smoke climbing heavenwards,  
In the hamlet toward the setting sun,  
In the thin wreaths of the fast disappearing  
clouds,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

Among the dancing tops of the tall cypress,  
Among the gnarled trees of great age,

Among the frightened bushes that cling to the earth,  
Among the long creepers that hang lazily,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the ploughed fields where noisy birds are feeding,  
On the shaded path that winds along the full, motionless river,  
Beside the banks where the waters lap,  
Amidst the tall poplars that play ceaselessly with the winds,  
In the dead tree of last summer's lightning,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the still blue skies,  
Where heaven and earth meet  
In the breathless air,  
In the morn burdened with incense,  
Among the rich shadows of a noon-day,  
Among the long shadows of an evening,  
Amidst the gay and radiant clouds of the setting sun,  
On the path on the waters at the close of the day,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the shadows of the stars,  
In the deep tranquillity of dark nights,  
In the reflection of the moon on still waters,  
In the great silence before the dawn,  
Among the whispering of waking trees,  
In the cry of the bird at morn,  
Amidst the wakening of shadows,  
Amidst the sunlit tops of the far mountains,  
In the sleepy face of the world,  
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

Keep still, O dancing waters,  
And listen to the voice of my Beloved.

In the happy laughter of children  
Thou canst hear Him.  
The music of the flute  
Is His voice.  
The startled cry of a lonely bird  
Moves thy heart to tears,  
For thou hearest His voice.  
The roar of the age-old sea  
Awakens the memories  
That have been lulled to sleep  
By His voice.  
The soft breeze that stirs  
The tree-tops lazily

Brings to thee the sound  
Of His voice.

The thunder among the mountains  
Fills thy soul  
With the strength  
Of His voice.

In the roar of a vast city,  
Through the shrill moan of swift passing  
    vehicles,  
In the throb of a distant engine,  
Through the voices of the night,  
The cry of sorrow,  
The shout of joy,  
Through the ugliness of anger,  
Comes the voice of my Beloved.

In the distant blue isles,  
On the soft dewdrop,  
On the breaking wave,  
On the sheen of waters,  
On the wing of the flying bird,  
On the tender leaf of the spring,  
Thou wilt see the face of my Beloved.

In the sacred temple,  
In the halls of dancing,

On the holy face of the sannyasi,  
In the lurches of the drunkard,  
With the harlot and with the chaste,  
Thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

On the fields of flowers,  
In the towns of squalor and dirt,  
With the pure and the unholy,  
In the flower that hides divinity,  
There is my well-Beloved.

Oh! the sea  
Has entered my heart.  
In a day,  
I am living an hundred summers.  
O friend,  
I behold my face in thee,  
The face of my well-Beloved.

This is the song of my love.

## VII

As the rain cleanses  
The tree by the roadside,  
So the dust of ages  
Has been washed away in me.

As the tree sparkles  
In the sun  
After the soft rain,  
So my soul delighteth  
In Thee.

As the tree  
Looketh to the roots  
For its immense strength,  
So do I look to Thee  
Who art the root of my strength.

As the smoke  
Mounteth heavenwards  
In a straight column  
Of a still evening,

So have I grown  
Towards Thee.

As the little pool  
On the road  
Reflecteth the face of heaven,  
So my heart  
Reflecteth Thy happiness.

As the solitary cloud  
That hangs over the mountain,  
The envy of the valley,  
So have I hung  
For generation after generation  
In a lonely place.

As the great cloud  
That hasteneth  
Before the mighty wind,  
So descend I  
Into the valley.  
Into the valley  
Where there is sorrow  
And transient happiness,  
Where there is birth and death,  
Where there is shadow and light,  
Where there is strife and a passing peace,

Where there is comfort of stagnation,  
Where to think is to grieve,  
Where to feel is to create sorrow.

Into that valley  
I shall descend,  
For I have conquered.  
For in me  
Thou art born.

As the light pierces through darkness,  
So Thy Truth  
Shall pierce the world.  
As the rain purifieth the earth  
And cleanseth all things thereof,  
So shall I cleanse the world  
With Thy Truth.  
For many ages,  
Through many lives,  
Have I prepared,  
But now,  
Behold, the cup is full.

The world shall drink of it.  
Man shall grow  
Into Thy divinity.  
Thy happiness shall shine

On his face.  
For Thy messenger  
Shall go forth.

I am he  
That openeth the heart of man,  
That giveth comfort.

I am the Truth,  
I am the Law,  
I am the Refuge,  
I am the Guide, the Companion and the  
Beloved.

## VIII

O friend,  
Tell me of God.  
Where is He, by what manner do I find Him?  
Among what climes, in what abodes?  
Tell me, I am weary.

Read the Vedas,  
Do tapas, meditate,  
Perform rites and ceremonies,  
Practise austerities and renounce,  
Pray at His temple, among flowers and in-  
cense,  
Bathe in the sacred rivers,  
Visit the holy places,  
Be a devotee and pure of intelligence,  
In Kailas is His abode —  
There you will find Him, cried many.

Obey the Law,  
Take refuge in the Order,  
Kill not, steal not and commit no sin,

Go to the shrine,  
Enter Nirvana —  
There you will find Him, cried many.

Read the Holy Book,  
Pray at His church — there be many —  
This church will lead you to Him but beware  
    of that,  
Serve, sacrifice,  
Do not judge, be merciful,  
In Heaven is His throne —  
There you will find Him, cried many.

Read the only Book  
Of the only God,  
Visit His abode on earth,  
Pray at the mosque,  
At the setting of the sun worship Him,  
Bahisht is His abode —  
There you will find Him, cried many.

Work, work for humanity,  
Serve, serve your fellow-creatures,  
Follow this but beware of that Path,  
Do the will of God,  
Follow blindly for I hold the key to His  
    abode,

Grasp this opportunity that He offers you,  
Sorrow and happiness lead to Him,  
If you do this, your search will end —  
Then you will find Him, shouted many.

I am weary, tired by the passage of time,  
Travelling on no path, I have come to Thee,  
Thou hast revealed Thyself to me.

Oh! Thou art the round stone  
That grinds the rice in the peaceful village  
Amidst songs and laughter.  
Thou art the graven image  
That men worship in temples,  
With chants and solemn music.  
Thou art the dead leaf  
That lies torn on the dusty road,  
Trodden by the weary traveller.  
Thou art the solitary pine  
That stands majestic  
On the lonely hill.

Thou art the lame and mangy creature  
That comes to my door, with a haunted look,  
    hungry,  
That men abhor.  
Thou art the mighty elephant

That is gaily robed,  
Carrying the nobles of the land.

Thou art the naked beggar  
That wanders from house to house,  
Wearily crying for alms.  
Thou art the great of the land  
That are rich in possessions and books,  
That are well-fed and satisfied.  
Thou art the priests of all temples  
That are learned, proud and certain.

Thou art the harlot, the sinner, the saint and  
the heretic.

My search is at an end.  
In Thee I behold all things.  
I myself, am God.

## IX

Telling of beads — they are but dead wood.  
Bathing in the holy waters — they are but  
waters.

Worshipping at temples — they are but the  
walls of naked stone.

Writing of books — they are but flowers of  
words.

Thinkest thou, O friend, to juggle with Me?  
As the lotus abides with the waters,  
So do I live with thee, eternally.

Adorn Me with thy jewels,  
Clothe Me with thy garments,  
Feed Me with thy delicacies,  
Flatter Me with thy glories.

Thinkest thou, O friend, to juggle with Me?  
As the lotus abides with the waters,  
So do I live with thee, eternally.

Search for thy happiness in passing things,  
Pursue thy passionate trivialities,

Drink deep for thy oblivion,  
Chase the butterfly from flower to flower.  
Thinkest thou, O friend, to juggle with Me?  
As the lotus abides with the waters,  
So do I live with thee, eternally.

Rich is the shadow of a summer's day.

Our journey ends, O friend,  
When thou and I meet.

## X

As the delicate spire climbs eagerly into the  
blue skies,  
O my Beloved, so my heart soars into space  
in search of Thee.  
As the butterfly tastes the hidden honey of  
the fast-fading flower,  
O my Beloved, so have I played with Thee  
among the manifested —  
Changing, decaying.

By offerings, by alms and by the building of  
many a temple,  
Have I sought to establish Thee.  
As the sparkling dewdrop that hangs on the  
tree-tops,  
Above the world,  
To fade in the morning sun,  
So have my great foundations in the kingdoms  
of the manifest  
Been destroyed.

As the stars of a night  
About me are Thy creations.  
By yoga, by austerities,  
Life after life,  
Have I chased Thee among the shadows of  
Thy manifestations.  
Ever eluding, ever enticing, ever disappoint-  
ing,  
Have been my glimpses of Thee.

But, my Beloved, my eternal Love,  
O Thou, the desire of my heart,  
I have found Thee, in the unmanifest,  
In the indestructible.  
As the rainbow vanishes near the green earth,  
So has my search vanished among the flowers  
of Thy creation.

In me Thou art established,  
Imperishable, ineffable, everlasting.  
O Beloved,  
Thou art established in the temple of my  
heart.

I am the Beloved, the desire of all hearts.  
I am the Playmate in the shadow of creation.

## XI

In the quiet evening  
When the leaf is still,  
When the flower is weary of the day,  
And the bud is rejoicing for the morrow,  
When the shadows are long,  
And the smoke is mounting in a still column,  
When the world is breathless,  
Oh! with the lark I climbed  
To the abode of my Beloved.

I have wandered far into the realms of the  
unreal

In search of the real.

Many births and many deaths have been my  
lot.

With the setting of a single day  
Have I known many joys, many sorrows,  
But Thou hast eluded me,  
O Thou, the embodiment of Truth.

I have brought to Thee all my experience,  
All my woes and my joys.

I have worshipped with folded hands in many  
a temple,

But at my eager approach faded the image of  
Truth.

I have loved and the glories of the earth have  
delighted me.

I was full of knowledge, enjoying the admira-  
tion of the world.

I adorned myself with priestly robes,  
But in silence the Gods of my adoration  
looked down.

As the mountain is to the valley — distant,  
forbidding —

So hast Thou been to me.

Thou hast ever remained with Thy face  
turned.

Thou hast ever been as a star — far away,  
unreal.

Thou wert ever the image, I ever the wor-  
shipper.

Not a man knew of Thine abode,  
Thou wert ever far away, fantastical, myste-  
rious.

Sometimes immense fear filled my heart, often  
great hopes,

At times complete indifference and weariness.  
Without Thee, I was as an empty shell.

As the potter's wheel,  
I went round and round,  
Consumed by continual action.  
I brought to Thee the flower of my heart,  
The great delight of my mind,  
But as the dead leaf in autumn  
I was torn and trodden down.

As the tree on the mountain  
Grows in solitude and strength,  
Likewise, life after life,  
I grew in loneliness and stature.  
I reached the mountain top.

Till in the long last,  
O Guru of Gurus,  
I tore the veil that separated Thee from my-  
self,  
That veil that set Thee apart.

Now, Beloved, Thou and I are one.  
As the lotus makes the waters beautiful,  
So Thou and I complete the perfection of  
Life.

O Guru,  
Thy Play is my play.  
Thy Love is my love.  
Thy smile has filled my heart.  
My work is Thy creation.  
Thou hast bowed to me, O Love,  
As I have bowed to Thee,  
Through countless ages.

The veil of separation is torn,  
O Beloved, Thou and I are one.

## XII

As the aspen leaf is aquiver  
With the breeze,  
So my heart dances with Thy love.  
As two mountain streams meet  
With a roar,  
Joyous in their exultation,  
So have I met Thee, O my Beloved.

As the mountain top is aglow  
At the going down of the sun,  
Giving to the valley an immense desire,  
So hast Thou given glory to my being.  
As the valley is still at eventide,  
So hast Thou calmed my soul.

My heart is filled  
With the love of a thousand years.  
Mine eyes  
Behold Thy vision.

As the stars make the night beauteous,  
So hast Thou given beauty to my soul.

As serene as the graven image  
Have I become.

As the seed grows into a wondrous tree,  
The abode of many joyous birds,  
Giving soft shadows  
To the weary traveller,  
So has my soul grown  
In search of Thee.

As a great river joins the sea,  
So to Thee have I come,  
Rich with my long journey,  
Full with the experience of an age.  
O Beloved,  
As the dewdrop  
Mingles with the honey  
Of the flower,  
So Thou and I have become one.  
O my Beloved,  
Now there is no separation,  
No loneliness,  
No sorrow, no struggle.  
Where'er I go,  
I bring the glory of Thy presence.  
For, O Beloved,  
Thou and I are one.

### XIII

As the small stream  
Gathers strength on its long journey,  
Feeding the lonely plains, the tall drooping  
trees,  
Dancing its way to the open seas,  
Attaining liberation —  
So have I entered into Thee.

Long has been the journey  
On this trackless path of time,  
Where every little snag  
Gives forth music and the sound of many  
waters,  
Where every little pool  
Reflects the glory of heavens, to stagnate,  
Where every little peaceful spot  
Is burdened with the scent of decay.

Long did I struggle  
To swim in the strong current;  
Many a time, exhausted,

Have I been flung  
On the craggy banks of Time.

Weary of all experience,  
Gathering strength from that very weariness,  
Have I run faster  
To where the open waters meet,  
With a roar,  
The small mysterious streams.

Liberated from Time,  
Without the limitation of Space,  
Have I become as the dewdrop  
That creates the vast seas.

Oh! the lotus is unfolding its glory to the  
morning sun,  
I open my heart to Thee, O my Beloved.

## XIV

Since I have met with Thee,  
O my Beloved,  
Never have I known loneliness.

A stranger am I  
Amidst all peoples,  
In all lands.  
Amidst the multitude of strangers,  
Full am I  
As of the scent of the jasmin.  
They surround me,  
But I know no loneliness.

I weep for the strangers;  
How alone they are.  
Full of immense loneliness,  
Fearful,  
They take to themselves  
People  
As lonely as themselves.

A guest am I  
In this world of transient things,  
Unfettered by the entanglements thereof.  
I am of no country,  
No boundaries hold me.

O friend,  
I weep for thee,  
Thou layest deep thy foundation,  
But thy house perisheth on the morrow.

O friend,  
Come with me,  
Abide in the house of my Beloved.  
Though thou shalt wander the earth,  
Possessing nothing,  
Thou shalt be as welcome  
As the lovely spring,  
For thou bringest with thee  
The Companion of all.

O friend,  
Live with me,  
My Beloved and I are one.

XV

It has been given to me,  
O friend,  
To see the face of my Beloved.

His smile  
Has filled my heart.  
As the rivers of water  
Make constant music,  
O friend,  
So my being rejoices  
In the splendour of His love.

As one beholds the mountain-top  
At the setting of the sun,  
Radiant and serene,  
Above the darkening world,  
O friend,  
So the vision of my Beloved  
Has made me  
Pure and at peace.

As at the lifting of the dark cloud  
From the happy face of the mountain,  
O friend,  
So the shadow of life  
Has lifted  
At the approach of my well-Beloved.

As the mists of the morn  
Are consumed by the warm rays,  
O friend,  
So my well-Beloved  
Has gathered me in,  
Dispelling the vision of emptiness.

As the deep valley  
Lies in the shadow of a great mountain,  
O friend,  
So I lie  
In the shadow of the hand  
Of my well-Beloved.

As the rose  
Amidst many thorns,  
O friend,  
So am I  
Amidst passing things.

As the day is made glorious  
By the darkness of the night,  
By the light of the day,  
O friend,  
So have I been made glorious.

As the rivers are full  
After the great rains,  
O friend,  
So has my well-Beloved,  
Burdened me with His love.

The ages have awaited this hour.  
I have met with my Beloved.

## XVI

O my Beloved,  
Thou art Liberation,  
The end of all desire,  
The consummation of love.

O my Beloved,  
Thou art the unfading beauty of Truth,  
Thou art the accomplishment of all thought,  
Thou art the flower of all devotion.

O my Beloved,  
O my Love,  
The sun is beyond the purple hills,  
And as a single star,  
I have arisen  
In Thine adoration.

Thou and I,  
We have well met.  
O my Beloved,

Art Thou not myself?  
Art Thou not the perfume of my heart?

I am Thy Beloved,  
My Beloved art Thou.  
Thou art my companion of ages.  
I am Thy shadow,  
In the garden of eternity.

## XVII

As divinity lies hidden in a flower,  
So my Beloved dwells in me.  
As thunder is among the mountains,  
So is my Beloved within my heart.  
As the cry of a bird in a still forest,  
So has the voice of my Beloved filled me.

As fair as the morning,  
As serene as the moon,  
As clear as the sun,  
Is my love for my Beloved.

As the sun goes down  
Beyond the purple hills,  
Amidst great clouds  
And the whispering breeze among the trees,  
So has my Beloved descended into me,  
To the rejoicing of my heart,  
To the glory of my mind.

As of a dark night  
Man guides himself

By the distant stars,  
So my Beloved guides me  
On the waters of life.

Yea, I have sought my Beloved,  
And discovered Him seated in my heart.  
My Beloved beholds through mine eyes,  
For now my Beloved and I are one.

I laugh with Him,  
With Him I play.

This shadow is not of mine,  
It belongs to the heart of my Beloved,  
For now my Beloved and I are One.

THE END









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